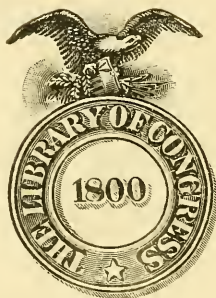


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POEMS

BY

NELLIE SEELYE EVANS.

(MRS. DUDLEY EVANS.)



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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

My Son,

RAWLEY DUDLEY EVANS.

(DIED APRIL 16, 1905).

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NATURE.

WEST AND EAST.

BENEATH the fragrant deep-fringed pine

I waited long, O Muse of mine !

Thy light wing touched the bough, and then,

Swift as a bird had flown again.

Here on these older shores I find

The foot-prints thou hast left behind.

All but the rapture of the chase

Lost, with thy dream-haunting face !

NATURE.

CONTENT.

LITTLE I ask, a day in June,
And then, perhaps—a rose.
An hour with the crescent moon,
That joy the thrush bestows.

Too rich are they who ask for more,
No lordly hunger know,
Who would the Summer's warmth devour,
And ostracize the snow.

Frost has a beauty dew's denied,
And windy days a charm,
The abstinence that Nature shows,
To keep her realm from harm.

MY SUNDAY WALK.

THE hillside pathway beckons me,
It leads me up and on
Where walls of blue pellucid air
Shut out dull noise and gloomy care,
Fair heights to dwell upon.

The purple Brodia welcomes me
Empress of wayside fields,
No jewelled monarch can outvie
The sheen of her imperial dye,
Such tincture April yields.

No leaflet falls, no flower departs
But I can feel it go;
The fellowship our spirits own
Within the wide mysterious zone
Of nature here below.

The bee upon his punctual round
Nods gravely as I pass,
Older than Nineveh the mound
The ants are building on the ground
Under the sun-dried grass

Question of questions: Who is wise?
What spins the morning dew?
Who taught the tree to seek the stream?
Who laid the rainbow's crystal beam?
What paints the iris blue?

From good earth-mother's larger store.
I ask no great bequest,—
The homely friendship of the pine
The brotherhood of birds is mine,
Such gifts as these are best.

San Rafael, California, 1902.

SUNRISE ON MT. RAINIER.

I SAW a new Apocalypse !
The Seraphim, the Sea
Of pearl and fire mingled,
The gates of God,—while He
In awful splendor waited
For morning to unfold.
Be lifted, O my trembling soul !
Be wise, be pure, be bold !

Englewood, N. J.

LOVE IN WINTER.

DECEMBER is not bleak to me,
There's bud and bloom on every tree;
And lo ! beyond these wintry skies
The dearer April of her eyes !

Englewood, N. J.

MY LADY HYACINTH.

JARS of purple, pearl, and blue,
Quick she fills with nectared dew;
All the odors Summer knows
On cold April she bestows.

Lifeless though the garden be,
Here she holds a quaint levee;
Lords and ladies, courtiers gay,
Nodding plumes in rich array.

Now within my quiet room,
Two in royal colors bloom,
Sent by neighbor kind and wise,
Prophecy of Paradise !

Englewood, N. J., 1899.

HOUSE CLEANING TIME.

BUCKETS—mother-of-pearl—
 March has filled to the brim,
 To drench the hills, and scour
 Roof and steeple trim.

Pert April follows after,
 To sprinkle dusty corners,
 And hang new tassels on the trees
 For happy owners.

Then comes a day in May,
 When our good neighbor Sun
 Piles his brooms in amber heaps,
 House cleaning is done.

While from blue garrets of the sky
 The swallows swarm again;
 And Summer days begin for me
 Their old delicious pain.

SPRING AT "BROOKLAWN."

I N whispering groups the elms foretell
The secrets of the spring ;
The brook betrays no confidence
For all its murmuring.

And, shy as maid in bridal white,
The dogwood greets the day,
Her brown boughs bearing tenderly
The harmless snows of May.

" And this is mine," good neighbor says,
" Sweet lawn, and brook, and tree ;"
But nature smiles at title deeds
And gives it all to me.

CAÑON OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

A SENSE of space, a forest-calm,
A lifting of the heart, a balm
That cities know not. Here the sky
In clear pellucid blue can vie
With ocean's deep transparency.
Here in dark pools the silver trout
Like living opals dream and float,
The hunter knows the wooded trail,
The stream he loves sings through its veil
Of water, green and blue, and gold,
The song that poets knew of old;
Night with its stars above his tent
Sends him sweet dreams, and high content,
A brother of the birds is he,
And boon companion to a tree.
Here Nature lays her cool white hand
On aching brows; a mighty land
Where life in larger terms is writ,
Not bound by narrow city wit,
But free, and high, as peaks that rise
Snow-fed, star-led, to the skies!

THE MUSHROOM.

TENT that no warrior shelters,
Fiercer than the bee:—
A nocturnal encampment
Known to the birds and me.
I feel a quick compunction
That any should assail
The good name of this visitant
And talk of poison pale.

There *is* a yellow bandit,
An outlaw without shame,
He is assassination,
And bears a traitor's name;
But this white satin fellow,
In the pink pleated vest
Is courtier of meadows—
Titania's chosen guest.

SWEETHEART.

(To be set to music.)

THE birds fly over the daisies and clover
Just so high as my heart,
Just so high as my heart, Sweetheart,
Just so high as my heart.
The June rose faints in her own perfume
The lilies tall are in snowy bloom
Just so high as my heart, Sweetheart,
Just so high as my heart.

October's wind is at the door,
Lily and rose shall bloom no more,
Just so high as my heart, Sweetheart,
But thou shalt live forevermore,
Deep in my heart, Sweetheart,
Deep in my heart.

SUMMER.

THE pollen on a bee's wing,
His hum against the pane,
Are hints that Summer thinks of us,
Would woo us back again
To old beliefs we had in dawns,
In sunsets, and in dew,—
Before this hurry blotted out
The primal me and you.

Englewood, N. J., 1895.

SPRING.

THE lawn's green silk is softly drawn
About the garden beds,
Pinned here and there with daisy disks,
And dandelion's heads.
O ! I would be a thing with wings
Forgotten or despised !
If only I might fly an hour
Under these warm Spring skies !

Portland, Oregon.

ROSE IN A GLASS.

THIS flower fading all too soon,
Leaves a presence in the room,
Dearer than its earlier bloom !

Englewood, N. J., 1897.

A SUNSET.

A CROSS a sea of splendor
An emerald ship sailed fast,
Upon her deck an elfin crew,
A star tipped every mast.

Beside her were five golden swan
Whose wings outsped the breeze,
And deep beneath that magic sea,
Red grew the coral trees.

Rare finny creatures of strange hues,
And shapes of awesome mien,
Disported in the purple depths
Of ocean's sunless stream.

Lo ! in a breath all passed away,
And on the ashy sky
A shield of burnished copper hung,
Embossed with heraldry.

A city like fair Troy there seemed,
Guarded by warriors bold,
And tall Achilles in his tent
With Agamemnon old.

Blood-red the shield became, as if
The thought of that old strife
Had crimsoned all the heavens in scorn
Of this tame modern life.

Dusk came, the scarlet faded out
Behind the Autumn trees,
And life seemed larger that the soul
Had glimpse of scenes like these.

Englewood, N. J., 1905.

TRIFLES.

THAT velvet look a dog bestows,
More exquisite than speech,
The passion of his sad brute heart
For something out of reach:

The red upon a robin's breast,
When March is dull and grey,
That curve the wheeling swallow makes
Against the blue of May:

The purple hint that evening throws
Across the darkening sky:—
To me have meaning and impart
Almost a sympathy.

Englewood, N. J., 1896.

OREGON PINE.

WHO boasts of palm, the tropic's crown,
Has never seen the pine step down
The mountain side in kingly ease,
Our "Cœur de Lion" warrior of trees.
The cañon streams white banners fling
From peak to peak, the fountains sing,
In widening curve the eagle sweeps
His dusky wing, and sentry keeps
Upon the heights where burns a star,
The pine-king's oriflamme of war!

Portland, Oregon.

SPRING IN TOWN.

WHEN Edith crosses Union Square,
The sullen fountain leaps in air
And rings of crimson bloom declare
'Tis tulip time.

The sky is blue, the birds are here,
And in the fount her image clear
Reflects the gladness of the year
In tulip time.

Sweet as the violets on her breast
Her maiden thoughts, and half-confessed
The secret that the Spring has blessed
In tulip time.

Upon a bench I muse and sigh,
And see my own youth passing by,
But thank her for the fantasy
In tulip time.

TITANIA REGINA.

WHEN the foxglove ties her door,
 With a spider's thread,
When the thistle's mimic fleet
 Snowy sail has spread;
When the droning beetle nods
 Saying sylvan mass,
When the frost elves softly weave
 Laces on the grass,
Time for sighs and sweet farewell,
"Fays! ring Summer's parting knell!"

Portland, Oregon.

THE WIND.

FRAGILE fingers on the pane,
 Tap, and flit, and tap again:
 Off to whirl the weather-cock,
 Hide in chimney, rattle lock.
 Sift the snow and weave the hail
 To a fleecy bridal veil,
 Whispers he in lover's ear,
 Laughs at childhood's mimic fear:
 Beggar, fugitive, and king,
 Mother Nature's changeling.

Englewood, N. J.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

THIS lawn with dew upon
Is small to thee,
To sparrow, worm and home,
His all,—eternity.

Englewood, N. J.

COMPANIONS.

WHEN hills are green and the earth repeats
The old, old charm of June,
We saunter forth, my dog and I,
To bathe in the blaze of noon.

His wistful air, his questioning look,
That woo an answering glance,
Too eloquent of spirit are
To be the sport of chance.

In some far mystic age he learned
That silence was his part,
And loyal to an unknown god
Still trusts his master's heart.

ROSES ON A BIRTHDAY.

“TEMPUS fugit!”

Alas! it must

Take life with it.

There's no Trust

Big enough to corner Youth,

Buy the years, or hide the truth.

Only birthday gift to-day

Were your roses, and they say,

“Dews of kindness cheer and shine

Though the centuries decline.”

Englewood, N. J., 1898.

PORTLAND HEIGHTS REVISITED.

ENRaptured, to the crest of this green hill,
 The traveler with thankful step returns,
 To view the enchanting landscape that he kept
 Inviolate through years that wandering earns.

Homesick for this beauty, he beheld
 Cities and palaces with absent eye,
 How paled Venetia's sunset 'gainst the hue
 Of Hood encrimsoned on the evening sky,

And fair St. Helen in her cloak of pearl,
 Sentry and guardian of rivers twain
 He saw her beauty through a mist of tears
 Amid the glories of Himalaya's chain.

So fair is home, so dear the accustomed round
 Of wood and field, of roof and orchard green,
 Wallamet keeps her secret as of old
 But murmurs benedictions in her dream.

Englewood, N. J.

THE WARBLER ⁱⁿ ~~ON~~ A SUMMER SHOWER.

PHILOSOPHER of Summer and of sun,
Indifferent he views the darkening cloud,
With eye inquisitive he searches me
Nor fears the lightning proud.

Fain must he wonder Nature took
No pains to teach me secrets of the tree,
Poor coward I of sheltered roof and nook,
Poorer by far than he.

When the first raindrops sparkle on his wing
He flits from view to warn the cherished nest,
His liquid note a sudden joy imparts
To my sad human breast.

Englewood, N. J., 1901.

IN AUTUMN.

(From the French of Paul Verlaine.)

VIOLENS of Autumn sobbing
Deep and lone,
Pierced my heart is with their throbbing
Monotone.
Fierce and quick the breath, and choking,
When at last
Sounds the hour, and I recall
The happy past.
With the truant wind that brought me
I must go,
Hither, thither, as this dead leaf
Whirls below.

Englewood, N. J., 1898.

NEIGHBORS.

HE neighbor is, whose voice I know,
The thrush in yonder tree,—
The sparrows on my window ledge,
A cordial company.

He neighbor is, whose heart is true,
The squirrel with his store,
Economy is poetry
Within that mossy door.

Ah ! Brummel-bluejay, may I take
That bow to mean a friend ?
And, since you are in uniform—
My garden to defend ?

Englewood, N. J.

MT. HOOD.

A MIGHTY form in awiul calm,
 With cloak of gleaming snows
 Like outspread wing of seraphim
 Whose errand no man knows.

Crowned with a nimbus by each morn
 That tints the eastern sky,
 Or veiled in amethystine mists
 Of night and mystery.

Afar withdrawn from lower plane
 Where frets this fevered life,
 A silence for our clamor loud
 And calmness for our strife.

E'en on the common highway mid
 Its toil and din and care,
 How oft we lift the eyes and heart
 To greet thee shining there !

The child, the sage, the poet, each
 Thy presence doth inspire,
 And silently the spell is wrought
 That draws our spirits higher !

Portland, Oregon, 1882.

ON A PICTURE OF THE BERKELEY OAKS.

THIS shaded path I never knew,
These boughs ne'er waved for me,
Yet in some fairyland of dreams,
I knew each separate tree,
And worshipped 'neath their Druid arms,
Beside an ancient sea.

Englewood, N. J., 1904.

ARIZONA CACTUS.

WHERE pale mirages shift and fade,
Across the desert's shadeless waste,
Doomed like prisoners they stand,
Rank on rank in shape grotesque.

Here a twisted club uplifted
Fitted for a Titan's hand,
There a dial finger marking
The burning hours on the sand.

Through the torrid days in silence
Pulses white the quivering air,
Dream they not of streams that rush
Through dewy meadows greenly fair?

Creatures of some fell enchantment
Such as haunt a goblin tale,
Spectral when the moon is furling
Overhead her crescent sail.

Nature's outcast children these,
Naked, fled to desert land,
Ishmaelites, and thus forever
Springs a sword within their hand.

Portland, Oregon, 1887.

AURORA BOREALIS.

THERE is a flower of climate rare,
That never bloomed for me,
I searched the wood, I searched the moor,
I robbed the emerald sea.

Alone upon an icy coast,
By Arctic's hem it grows,
Its beauty is intoxicant
To those who brave the snows.

But when the Bear shines clear and high
I dream of Polar night.
Wherein this wondrous flower blooms
In sheaves of rainbow light.

Englewood, N. J. 1906.

CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD.

AT DAWN.

BIRDS stir in their nest at dawn,
A child's soft touch wakes me;
We mother-birds await the morn
With Benedicite.

Night brings all nestlings home,
But mine hath flown afar;
Less worthy than the robin
I am mother to a star.

Omaha, Nebraska, 1890.

BURNEY BOY.

My gentle child,
My Burney-boy,
Your eyes are soft and brown,
As if you caught them from a deer,—
Yet I saw none in town;
And then that trusting voice,
'Tis like the thrush's note
When Summer's twilight ecstasy
Is trembling in his throat.

My gentle child,
My Burney-boy,
You have a loving heart;
'Twill ache, I fear. Ah! world, be kind.
Let not the dream depart!
The vision only childhood sees,
And none but angels know,
These tender feet too soon must meet
Sad Winter, and the snow.

LITTLE SWEETHEART.

(To a Child's Picture.)

WHAT so true as those eyes,
Sweetheart?
Violets in May weather,
A cloud of blue on the edge of the wood
Star upon star together.

What questions deep do they ask,
Sweetheart?
With their gaze serene and tender?
For only of love they seem to speak,
And only of love remember.

That head is proudly set,
Sweetheart!
To look the wide world over,
A captain brave in childhood's ranks,
And mother's chosen lover!

TO MY BOY.

R. D. E.

APRIL bloom is in his eyes,
Hints of dews and showers,
Shadows caught from crystal brooks,
Dusky tints of flowers.

All that's wild, and sweet, and free,
Bird or tree or stream.—
O! for childhood's heritage
The rapture and the dream!

Englewood, N. J.

THE HOUSE OF CHILDHOOD.

IF I knock at the house of Childhood,
 Who will come to the door?
A head with curls run over?
 Or beldame quaint and hoar?

What voice shall say, "Come in, sir,"
 Or answer, "Not at home,"
While peals of elfin laughter
 From roof and chimney come?

I long to lift the knocker,
 But timid, lest they say
"We never heard of you, sir,
 Pray come another day."

RUTH.

NAME of quaint and ancient grace,
In the Sacred Book has place;
Like that other Ruth hath she
Looks that breathe love's constancy.

Englewood, N. J. 1906.

TO A CHILD, TWO YEARS OLD.

C. E.

THY soul's a fountain, crystal clear,
With lilies set about,
Where rainbow bubbles, like thy mirth,
Go dancing in and out.

The shadows that thy spirit knows,
Are cast by seraph's wings,
Thou seemest in this sunny air,
The soul of happy things.

Hid in the azure robe of June,
We found thee, darling one,
The last, the best, most perfect rose,
She left beneath the sun.

Portland, Oregon, 1884.

MOTHERHOOD.

THE chrism of a child's kiss,
That accolade "He's mine"
Were more, when angels ask my rank,
Than long escutcheoned line.

Englewood, N. J.

A CITY ITEM.

GREAT walls of brick that scarcely leave
A strip of sky between,
Which ever stays, and ever flows—
The river of a dream.
The crescent moon breaks the lucent edge
Of her cool rim on the eaves,
And a breath sweeps through that sinful place,
Like the sighing of Summer leaves.

'Tis the soul of a tender poet-child
Asleep in a garret there,
That hallowed the stones of the city's streets
To an aisle befit for prayer.
And up, by the help of the stars, he climbs
Till he touches the great white throne;
But all we know is the printed line,
"Found dead: a child: alone."

TO A CHILD OF THREE.

S. S. E.

SLOWLY he learns our rough cold speech,
With lisps that bubble through,
Much wiser doth it seem to me
That we should learn of him and be
Taught innocence anew.

The angel-light still dims his eyes
To sight of common things,
Sweet waif from happier clime and fair,
How sad that in this denser air
You cannot use your wings.

Portland, Oregon, 1889.

ENTHRONED.

MOTHERHOOD is mine,
What care I for crown,
One soft finger on my cheek
Is for me renown.

While I rule my realm,
Poets envy me,
Enthronèd in these tender hearts,
Childhood's divinity.

Portland, Oregon, 1884.

CHRISTMAS IN THE TENEMENTS.

"Unto us a Child is born."

MEEKLY, before that humble door,
Three veiled Kings bend low,—
The stars above the city's street
A path of glory show:
A Caravan of dreams arrives,
To bear the Babe away:
So wondrous is this miracle
That happens every day !

Englewood, N. J.

LIFE.

LIFE.

THE POET.

AN alchemist of secrets he,
The Councillor of sky and sea:
A purer Merlin, without stain,
To charm away our grief and pain.

Englewood, N. J.

AT "THE BELLS," IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

FROM roof and eaves the bells are swung
And with a quaint and Orient grace
Seem mocking plain New England's sky
With legends of an alien race.

And hint of gay pagodas hung
With tinkling bronzes; priests that bow
In pagan temples, where the gods
Sit high in state with frowning brow.

(Strange paradox for village folk,
Here where the hills come sloping down
With granite step, and look austere
To the long street of Bethlehem town.)

No image but of kindest mien
Has ever dwelt beneath "The Bells,"
The welcome that the traveler finds
Of warmth and friendship ever tells.

Thus in the household group the first
Whose quiet greeting we can hear,
Is she, the home's best arbiter,
Our Lady-of-good-cheer.

In duty's simple round she sees
Life's highest purpose and design,
The peaks of God are all about,
Through evening mist the stars still shine.

She moves among her household ways
As one, who knowing sadder hours,
Yet fills the autumn of her days,
With fragrance of spring's early flowers.

And he, the Man-of-books who deep
Has delved in lore of arts and men,
Who waits beside the Well of Life
To hear the Master's word again.

Or, if on kindly thought intent
Forgetting self, he richly gives
The garnered treasures of his mind
And in another's pleasure lives.

Next gentle Lide in whose dark eyes
Star-like there rises a sweet wit,
Who catches thought upon the wing
Ere duller souls have dreamed of it,—

And laughing Helen, in whose sky
Sunshine and shower commingled meet,
Who challenges the Summer hours
And follows them with flying feet.

{ 'Twere long to tell what summer brought
What gifts of light, or shade, too soon
The days of sunny stillness passed
When earth seemed poised in noon.

Those argosies of snowy cloud
That rose and melted in the blue,
What shores unchartered wrecked their course
No human pilot knew !

The scarf of mist that morning wove
About each purple height,
And that red sword that sunset drew
Across the breast of night.

Nor yet were lesser glories lost,
We heard the punctual bee,
With cheerful note the cricket thought
To make a revelry.

The quiet grass was meekly proud
 Her humble place to fill.
 But the first leaf that Autumn took
 With sadness shook the hill).

Thus as a traveler who stops
 To deck with flowers a wayside shrine
 Remembering blessings he has known
 By virtue of the will Divine.

So I this slender garland bring
 Of gratitude that friendship tells.
 And pray that happiness may rest
 On each and all, beneath "The Bells."

Bethlehem, N. H., 1901.

LOVE.

DEAR, if remembrance make thee sad,
I pray, remember not.
And if forgetting make thee glad,
Then would I be forgot.

Englewood, N.J.

EMILY DICKINSON.

SHE told the rosary of her days
Each day a thought of power:
A cloistered heart aflame with light;
A soul that only bloomed at night,—
Like some exotic flower.

Englewood, N. J., 1894.

RICHES.

A LETTER, in a lonely land,
Music, breathed at memory's call,—
Dreams, that are of azure planned,—
Books, the last and best of all.

Englewood, N. J., 1899.

A PORTRAIT.

As one may see above the noisy street
Some shrined Madonna fair, and still, and sweet;—
So she life's common jangle set at rest,
And all the while unconscious that she blest.

Englewood N. J., 1898.

HER VOICE.

(To A. S.)

RICH as the organ's note, or harp's deep thrill,
Echo of sadness, yet of joy the friend,
Telling of death, of life, and wild unrest,
Of love's elysium and its bitter end.

But when the song has ceased upon the air,
It lingers on in memory to bless
The soul that hears its messages divine,
To calm, to heal, to chasten and caress.

Englewood, N. J., 1904.

DISCOVERY.

WE hurry to horizons dim
While here, beside the door,
In some familiar countenance,—
All unexplored before—
Are zones of tropic beauty, shores
That over-vie Peru.
How short the voyage, chair to chair,—
Yet perilously new !

GLORY.

AND what is glory? vaunted of great and brave,
And how remembered? storm and struggle o'er,
'Tis but the lip of foam upon a wave,
That wastes its passion on a lonely shore.

Englewood, N. J. 1899.

CHARACTER.

WITH evening lamp between and book put by;
So still we sit,—that other guest and I,—
The pulse, a surging tide in ear and brain,
Fills all the room with seeming hurricane.
Nor dare we speak ! An unconfessèd fear,
A sinister meaning hidden many a year
Waits its release from eyes and brow and lip:
We turn aside, and smile, and bury it.

Omaha, Nebraska, 1891.

THE TEACHER.

(The Rev. J. T. D.)

W^ISE, reasonable, true,
 With heaven-lifted thoughts
That move to noblest utterance:
But most we love the heart that warmly beats
'Gainst the heart o' the world,
And feels God's strong pulse throb
In unison with all.

Omaha, Nebraska, 1890.

THE OREGON PIONEER.

HE held his course by steadfast stars,
Through weary leagues of sand,
Some vision of divine intent
Beckoned from out that land.
The peaks of God were holy ground,
They called him and he came,
To toil and die, that these might live,
Nor dreamed his deed was fame.

Englewood, N. J.

HAPPINESS.

SLOWLY it comes.—The pearl
Hides long in Indian seas,
Ere giving to the tropic air
Her iridescences.

Englewood, N. J., 1893.

GOSSIP.

I TOLD my secret to the air
Forgetting it had tongue,
Æolus blew once round the world,
His messages the flags unfurled,
They told it to the drum.
The drum the citadel informed,
And what was meant for me,
Was heard in dusty Sarmacand
And by the Yellow Sea.

TELEGRAM SENT FOR A GOLDEN WEDDING.

MAY future years their golden harvests bring
Till love shall blossom in immortal Spring.

San Rafael, California, 1902.

Soon after peace was proclaimed in the Philippines, a friend of the author visiting San Francisco, crossed the harbor in a steamer that was accompanied by a large flock of sea-gulls. One of these birds alighted with outspread wings upon the top of the flagstaff, forming a beautiful silhouette against the blue sky. This incident, together with the presence in the harbor of the battleship "Wisconsin," suggested the thoughts transcribed in this poem.

THE GREY SEA-GULL.

(A Fantasy.)

FROM the Golden Gate, where the sullen guns
Look out on a sunset sea,
On pearl-grey wing a wild gull came
And brought this word to me,

"Lo! the flags are furled, and the moaning drums
Their requiems sad have sung,
And peace proclaims to a waiting world
The new age has begun."

I looked, and there on the waters blue,
A white ship rode at rest,
As on a Summer lake the swan
Broods calm with lucent breast.

Her deep guns told of a message grim,
But hushed were bugle and bell,
And high on her mast shone the starry folds
Of the flag I loved so well.

Still the sea-gull circled, and wheeled, and curved
And paused in his airy flight,
And uttered the harsh and solemn cry
That is born of the ocean and night.

Till I spoke, and said, "O bird, sail on,
You will find no shore like ours,
Or paths made sweet by Freedom's feet
And glorified with flowers.

"Wing your way to the wide earth's farthest rim,
Where the last slave hides from sight,
And bear him this message,—a nation's pledge,—
'It is dawn, and there *shall* be light.'"

Then the grey bird perched on the mast, broad-winged,
Like a symbol of the free,
A promise of sweet peace to come
In the Isles beyond the sea.

The years flow on, and the silver gulls
Still watch o'er the harbor wide,
And ever the stars at midnight tell
Their dreams to the waiting tide.

AMBITION.

How purple looms the distant isle
Our sail will never find,
While Autumn's glories at the door
Are left to dust and wind.

Englewood, N. J., 1899.

LUTHER BURBANK.

A SIMPLE home-spun gentleman
Who needs no coat-of-arms
Or patent of nobility
Won in war's brute alarms.

Strong-hewn from Nature's granite he,
Heir of her larger lore,
Eager to turn some hidden page
And con it o'er and o'er:

Till in a crucial hour he finds
The secret of the tree,
The necromance of bud and flower
The Eldorado of the bee:

Father-confessor he, of birds,—
Blood-brother in the clan
Of grey night-moths and butterflies,—
Friend of the shy god Pan.

Nor has the blight of worldliness
Within that heart found room ;
Unconscious of his greatness,
As a rose is of her bloom.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

Author of "The Land of the Snow Pearls."

ON Nature's listening heart she leans,
And hears the voice of God,
The while the mighty snow peaks send
Their challenge all abroad.

To cool green caves the glaciers call,
Where drips a crystal stream;
To such as she the river tells
The secrets of its dream.

The sunset brings her golden bales,
And argosies of blue,
While dawn presents the sacrament,
That "maketh all things new."

THE EGOIST.

HE built his soul a treasure house,
None ever rose so fair,
Before it stately fountains threw
Their mimic rain in air.

Lo! far upon a shining height,
His banners gleamed, their hue
Of azure set with silver stars
Mocked heaven's own perfect blue.

High in a lordly hall he set
A throne of jacinth clear,
Whereon his soul might reign and sing
Sweet strains that none could hear.

For all alone, he lived and loved
Within that peaceful place,
And in the garden pools beheld
His own dream-haunted face.

"No home in all the world," he said,
"Is half so blest as this.
Alone, no stain shall reach my soul,
Nor alter its pure bliss."

But once by moonlight, as he walked
The shaded coppice through,
He met three shapes of Awfulness,
A hateful, ghostly crew.

He challenged them to mortal fight,
They laughed in vilest glee.
"Thou canst not hide thy soul," cried they,
"Thy Sins have followed thee ! "

Englewood, N. J., 1900.

A SILVER WEDDING DAY.

FIERCE glows the furnace where the ore is tried,
And pure the silver that survives the flame ;
But fear thou not, One walketh at thy side,
Beyond is Paradise which knows not pain.

Portland, Oregon.

HATE.

HATE is of narrow minds
Never confessed,
Next to mighty love it lies
In gentle breasts.

Englewood, N. J., 1899.

ALTER EGO.

By day, by night, he close beside
With hint of elbow warm,
He, ghostless, loveless, without shape,
Keeps step, he means no harm;
And yet we do not like his touch,
He half suspects us, too,
And at some noble moment sneers,
“Impossible, for *you*.”

Englewood, N. J., 1895.

HABIT.

HABIT is a cruel jailer
Yet how well-beloved:
Gyves he sets for foot or finger,
Nevermore removed !

Englewood, N. J., 1899.

TO MY FATHER.

A SCINTILLATING spirit free
To touch the stars and scan
The world of men with larger view
Than smaller nature's can.
A buoyant mind, that brightened all
Life's fortune, good, or ill,
A wit that gleamed but did not wound,
Or leave the heart more chill.
A soul that never knew defeat,
Though dark the battle be.
The portrait of a chevalier,—
Dear father, that was thee !

Englewood, N. J.

THE REFORMER.

DAILY his soul is to the judgment seat
 Dragged, scourged, and spit on;
 Before some little Pilate helpless stands
 And hears the mob without.—
 “Release to us Barabbas, Caesar’s king!”
 And Caesar means,—convention.

Englewood, N. J., 1899.

CARE.

CARE was a faithful guest,
In sober vest,
And kirtle grey,
She moved beside me day by day;
And I begrudged the chimney's glow,—
Not dreaming I could miss her so.

Englewood, N. J., 1899.

LIFE.

How came? How fled?
Viewless, unseen,
As squadrons of ether
That convoy a dream.
Soft came, soft fled,
The chrysalis swings,
Wrecked is its satin whorl
Empty of wings.

Englewood, N. J.

TO MOTHER.

As some still saint in cloistered niche
Had walked the world again,
Bearing the incense of sweet deeds
Among the haunts of men ;
So does she bless, and, canonized
In calendar of home,—
Finds each day holy, and low roof
Fair as cathedral dome.

Englewood, N. J., 1895.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

(A Portrait.)

STEADFAST his soul as Polar star,
Forgetting self, and scornful of mere pose,
Duty the single goal, the port afar
To which the deep tide of his life all flows :
Humility exalts him thus to be
Splendidly simple, and most simply great.
God grant us evermore upon His sea,
Such Captain, and such faith inviolate !

L. OF C.

Englewood N. J., 1898.

CONVALESCENCE.

As one who battling with engulfing waves
At last sights land, and sky, or the sweet stars,
And feels the grasp of friendly-reaching hands,—
So we from sickness, and the sea of pain
Return with conscious bliss to light and love,
Forgetting the dark realm that lies behind :—
'Tis then the song of birds, the stir of leaves,
Have fresher meanings ; familiar faces glow
Like new found worlds, long sought, and wonderful ;
The commonplace has commonness no more,
But all is beauty, touched with deeper hints
Of that immortal love that bears us all
Upon its ample bosom, as June skies
Sustain their squadrons of full sailing cloud.

Englewood, N. J., 1903.

CHANGE.

SHE held me close, as if an arm
 Could bar out Grief and Pain,
Or finger push Atlantic back
 Into its path again.
She thought she knew my soul as bird
 The way to parent nest,—
Yet I another's heart-beat touched
 Asleep upon her breast;
She kissed my hand, my icy cheek,
 And knew that I was dead,
But Life and I had only stepped
 A shadow's length ahead.

Englewood, N. J., 1894.

DEATH AND GRIEF.

DEATH AND GRIEF.

IN MEMORIAM.

RAWLEY DUDLEY EVANS,

(who died April 16, 1905.)

I AM proud of my dead, of my beautiful boy
Who went white-souled to God,
As a star breaks and falls in the sapphire night,
Like arrow celestial swift wingèd for flight,
So sank that sweet life, but not darkness or void
Was its goal. Mid the radiant host of the spheres
There was room for my day-star,
For my youth with his glorious years.

There was a look of April in his eyes,
Of dewy woods, and forest's madrigal with Spring,
Of all things free and sweet,
That matched the growing soul
And gave it sustenance.

.

Child, in the light of common day
Did we miss thy starward way?
Did we, unaware, shut out
Thy angel visitant with doubt?
Hast thou grown so far from me
I can never compass thee?
Knowest thou wisdom past compare?
Wilt thou teach me lessons rare?
How celestial flowers blow,
How the sandalled angels go
Rank on rank with even feet
On their joyous errands fleet?
All and more, I fain would ask
Where thy dwelling, what high task
God hath set thee, for He knew
How thy eager spirit grew
Rich in ardor to explore
Shores and worlds undreamed before.
Though the burgeon of the Spring
Bring us no awakening,—
When the robin builds his nest
On the bough above thy rest,—
May thy love with memory blent
Be to us a sacrament!

THE DEAD POET.

In memory of Samuel L. Simpson, Oregon's best loved poet.

THE fir tree spreads a shade,
Her poet's host to be,
But far his steps have strayed,
Night is his hostelry.
Hark ! what a troubled note,
The blue-jay's sharpened cry !
Lo, mournfully, twin eagles float
Silent, across the sky.
(All heedless of the day,
How still the poet lies !
No tremor to betray
That last, and great surprise !)

The Cascades far uplift
Peak upon peak of snow,
And still the rivers drift
Seaward in rhythmic flow.
The rainbowed torrent sings
Through the blue-tented air,
All wild, beloved things
Wait for his coming there.
(But heedless of the day,
How still the poet lies !
No tremor to betray
That last, and great surprise !)

Yet to those hearts that love,
These friends of sky and tree,
Time shall but dearer prove
His spirit's minstrelsy.
Fresh dawns will bring return
Of some sweet strain he knew,
Each night some star will burn
His fame upon the blue.

(All heedless of the day,
How still the poet lies!
No tremor to betray
The soul's last, glad surprise!)

Englewood, N. J.

ON MY BIRTHDAY.

HERE lies a little maid
I knew in Junes gone by;
To wake her I'm afraid,
'Tis like the dread to die.
The question of her glance,—
Should she remember me,
Might an eternity reveal
And resurrection be.

THE CONQUEROR.

HE beat his soul against life's bars,
More cruel far than steel,
So deep the scars they gave him
No surgeon ere could heal:
The first was Youth's belief denied,
The next, the Hope that flies,
And then, more piercing than them all,
Love's tragic sacrifice.
None saw that midnight struggle,
None guess the victor now
When he, a simple gentleman,
Returns my morning bow.

San Rafael, California, 1902.

HEAVEN.

Not "I have triumphed,"
But "I'm comprehended."
And service just begun,
Not labor ended.

Omaha, Nebraska, 1891.

FRIENDSHIP LOST.

I DROPPED a ruby, thinking
To replenish me with pearl;
But the bazaars were shut that day,
Their silence echoed "Churl!"
So careless of the wealth I'd had,
No merchant trusted me;
Ashamed I stood before their door
And envied enmity.

Englewood, N. J., 1894.

MEMORIAL DAY.

THE smallest creature in the grass
A resurrection sings,
New nest, new boughs, and overhead
An ecstasy of wings.
The hills have pitched their peaceful tents,
The fields take council of the sky,
On last year's graves the violet
Spills her imperial dye.
The winds shut lip a secret holds,
The grass has known it long—
Taught by the dead, so opulent
Of time had they become.

Portland, Oregon, 1886.

RETROSPECT.

IF cobwebbed corner yield to our surprise
A toy of childhood's day, these older eyes
Smile, that so slight a thing could make us glad:
So we at Heaven's gate may turn and see
Life as it is,—a gift for infancy.

Englewood, N. J., 1900.

PRELUDE TO "TRISTAN AND ISOLDE."

WAVE on wave the music leaps;
Violin, and harp, and horn,
Moaning drum and wailing flute
To new ecstasies are born.

Then the Soul,—as some far shore
Feels the shock of ocean's might,—
Reels and trembles with the rush
Of Love's deep, mysterious night.

Englewood, N. J., 1899.

"THE CRYSTAL COAST."

"No angel from the Crystal Coast"—"Threnody"—*Emerson.*

PRAY not for forgetfulness
'Tis memory's sword-thrust proves we are not clods,
Not earthy, but of the spirit shaped and wrought
To an immortal type,
This ship we steer may other harbor find
Than that it sails for ; crystal shores not charted,
In deeps not plummeted,—by pilots pale.

Englewood, N. J., 1901.

AT A CHURCH DOOR.

“ **B**y Thine Agony and Bloody Sweat”
 Is the cry of human,
 Birth-throes of a soul that waits
 In darkness, as a woman
 Knows the nail-thrusts pain must give
 Ere another child can live.

“ By Thy Cross and Passion,”
 Priest and people plead,
 (Beggar in the shadow there,
 Answers this your need ?)
 Snowy choir, lift it up,
 Wine-filled, like a golden cup.

“ Resurrection and Ascension,”
 What is that to you ?
 Long the years since that Face faded
 In the Syrian blue?—
 New ascensions every morn
 Outcast, till thy heart is won !

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

OF young life's guests we welcome all but Pain,
For her no flower-strewn hearth
Or smile of welcoming:
Yet she—the journey ending we confess—
Has taught us all we know;
Was wisest counselor, and truest friend,
Most helped the soul to struggle, and ascend !

Englewood, N. J., 1900.

HER GRAVE.

WHERE thrush and robin dip a dewy wing,
And greet the emerald of recurring Spring,
Let no harsh note, or discord, break the blest
And brooding calm that hovers o'er her rest.
Grow softly grass, and tender wind-flower too,
So gentle was her life, so sweetly true
To think of her without love were to say
"June has no rose; there are no buds in May:"
Love was the effluence of her spirit fine
That walked in peace, leaning on Love Divine.

Englewood N. J.

A FADED FLOWER FROM SHELLEY'S GRAVE.

BE too imperial to forget,
Be purple at that name, O violet!

Englewood, N. J., 1894.

ESCAPED !

THERE may have been the sound of wheels
That hour she went away ;—
'Twas whispered that she met a sail
Ready upon the bay.
No keel I saw, nor any steed,
Or service of a guide ;
Only a purple cloud ajar—
The morning that she died !

Omaha, Nebraska, 1890.

IMMORTALITY.

WHO questions? Not the crocus.
Denies? Not beast or bird.
Blind to that star within us,
We stumble at the word.

Englewood, N. J. 1900.

GRASSES FROM KEATS' GRAVE.

PRESSED in a letter, sent o'er sea
To make New England,—Italy.

Englewood, N. J., 1893.

GUIDO RENI'S "ECCE HOMO."

THE suffering Christ too oft we see
Blood on that brow makes all eyes dim,
Spear point in side, death's augury,
Prints on the soul the human note in Him.
Not piercèd hands, but strong from blessed toil
To lift the dead or bless a Magdalene,
Were His. Our holiest prayers we spoil
With foolish tears that blur that face serene,
"If not the poor, the hungry, blind, ye bless,
Cheap are your Litanies," we hear Him say,
"Burn shrine and crucifix to ash, no less
The heart that loves, My temple is alway."

Portland, Oregon, 1887.

RECOMPENSE.

THOUGH Pain hath its own triumph wrought,
Calvary, at Emmaus, is forgot !

Englewood, N. J., 1889.

ANTON SEIDL.

So simple, it were strange to call him proud,
So proud, with artist's high simplicity,
That each was blended in the richer whole ;
He nothing asked for self but all for art,
Music his deity, his shrine and goal.
What nights were those we watched his poet face
Glow with rapt mastery, while mounting waves
Of glorious sound swept all life's dross away !
Far to enchanted shores he led the soul
With "Tristan and Isolde," through deep woods
We heard the blithesome "Siegfried" wind his horn,
And all the joy of youth was in the strain.
O ! hours benignant that cannot return !
O ! master-hand that touched with witchery !
All chords, all harmonies, and all dissonance.
Where soars thy spirit now ?

Englewood, N. J., 1905.

THE FAULT.

WHEN you reach Heaven
And miss me there,
Ask not the blessèd
Why I chose despair.

One look of scorn from you
Deeper would burn,
Than all life's scars
Through eternity worn.

Love is not gladness,
Not triumph, not goal,
'Tis self's last surrender,
A crucified soul!

THE KISS.

HANDS clasped and eyes entreating,
To looks that spoke again,
With continents between us,
Of Love and Pain.
Sacred renunciation,
The last this side the grave,
Our lips divinest meeting,
The kiss we never gave !

Englewood, N. J., 1906.

THE GRAVE OF HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado.

O! HAPPY poet, here to lie at rest,
 No queen more nobly tombéd.
For guard, the lightning's lance,
For requiem, the sobbing of innumerable pines.
Stars softly gleam above, the winds breathe low,
And e'en the timid creatures of the wood
Hush their soft footfall in that hallowed place.

Manitou, Colorado, 1890.

EQUALITY.

HEAVEN is homelike, we are told,
To beggars as to kings;
And resurrection is a fashion
Antedating wings.

Englewood, N. J., 1903.

THE DEAD PAUPER.

VEIL it from curious gaze,
 That wan face new in death,
 Shall naked soul have less respect
 Than living body kept?

Under those waxen lids
 What look of scorn,
 For all your pity spent
 On what's outworn.

To mend the threadbare dress
 Eternity she hath;
 To rest those illshod feet
 A grassy path.

We have no time to lose,
 Her soul is set
 Ahead in that great race,
 Where God is met.

Omaha, Nebraska, 1891.

ON THE SHORE.

TIME ebbs, but Grief abides—
Grim flotsam of Life's tides.

Englewood, N. J., 1898.

EVOLUTION.

FOR aeons lay the earth in darkest night,
Fierce waged the wars between
Races and tribes of hairy, brutish men
Ruled by their gods obscene.

Slowly as water-lilies pierce the ooze,
Some rare souls struggled higher ;
Oft trampled neath feet of blinded men,
Oft bound on funeral pyre.

Until on Gallilean hills there walked
A Youth whose spirit's cup
Was like a crystal, clear and marvelous,
Which God with Love filled up.

Long had He waited, sought and sorrowed long,
A Son to find among the sons of men ;
The Christ, obedient, still renews the quest,
Bestowing life, as then.

THE COLOR BEARER.

THE cannon had ceased to resound,
The battle-smoke cleared for a space,
A light from the old flag above him
Transfigured his powder-grimed face.
The oldest and bravest shrank back
From the desperate charge that was given,
While he rushed on the shot-smitten wall
And planted his colors,—in Heaven.

Omaha, Nebraska, 1889.

UNDER OREGON PINES.

THE soul of the trees is mine,
 I feel each leaf and stem
 Stir with the pulse earth-mother gives
 To oak and elm.

But best loved thou, O Pine,
 Whose quickening breath
 Pungent and wild is to my sense,
 And sweet in death !

Here in thy shade—
 I ask no holier place,—
 To lie with folded hands,
 And peaceful face.

No stone or marble cold
 To shadow me,
 Hushed, guarded, sentried,
 And by thee !

MATER PATRIAE.

(Decoration Day.)

Suggested by reading the Supreme Court's decision in the Philippine case, May 29th and 30th, 1901.

UPON her arm, ere day begun,
Fresh garlands had Columbia hung;
Her footsteps slow and yet elate,
To honor those who served the State,
And chrism of her tears to lend
The unknown dead who claim no friend.
Yet sad her look, and that sweet brow
Darkened with troubled thought, that now
Not the proud drum or martial strain
Could change to starry calm again.

“And must my dream of peace be lost,
And war with its dread holocaust
Forever reign, and can there be
No truce but blood, from sea to sea?
Shall new-fledged custom be so strong
That right shall be the slave of wrong,
And young lives learn to bend the knee
To power and lust, forgetting Thee?—
God of the dear, the noble dead
Who for their country died and bled.
Sacred Republic! holiest shrine

That freedom kept, what hope was thine?—
To sweeten labor's hard-earned day,
To wipe the sad slave's tear away,
To walk majestic among men
When kings did humbly kneel. Lo! *then*
The times were fair for love and truth,
We wrought for God, not land, forsooth;
Dull wealth ruled none in camp or home,
'Union' the watchword, and dark Rome
A spectre shunned, (not praised, held high—
As if *our* eagle low might fly
As hers, and dip its wings in gore
To make one bloody Caesar more.)"

Columbia paused, then lifting high
Her fearless forehead to the sky,
Adjured the dead:
"Shades of a mighty past renew
Our faltering faith; may the red dew
That bathed our battle-fields be sign
Injustice dies, but freedom divine
Lives ever!" Majestic thus she turned to see
The white dawn's silent "reveillé,"
Then, softly scattered vine and rose
To mark the soldier's last repose.

THE FIRST WOUND.

THE day my heart began to bleed
I saw the red drops come,
I saw the sword that made the wound,
Its hilt with rubies shone;
And on the blade so cruel keen
This legend I could spell,
In crimson hieroglyphics--
"From one who loves you well."

Englewood, N. J.

CHRIST THE CONSOLER.

THE Christ I know no priesthood has,
No altar and no alms,
He has no hour for liturgies,
Or incense breathing psalms.
There are so many broken hearts,
So much despair and sin,
So many weary little ones
That He must gather in,
And dry their tears, and on his breast
Hush them at length to sleep.
The Christ I know a brother is
To those who work and weep.

Omaha, Nebraska, 1891.

POEMS OF OCCASION.

POEMS OF OCCASION.

THE RETURN.

In memory of Soldiers of the 2nd Oregon, U. S. Volunteer Regiment, who fell in the Philippines, Col. O. O. Summers, commanding.

TOLL,

For the strong of soul ;

Toll ;

In crowded ranks, who gave

The inspiring shout

Of Liberty, from youth's full throat.

Contented death to dare,

That they might share

The "Well done" Santiago heard,

When the world's deep heart stirred.

Toll,

For the pure of soul ;

Toll ;

The fair head, and the boyish look,

That War's black wave o'ertook,

Ere grief had touched the untroubled blue

Of childhood's wondering gaze.

Toll,
For the strong of soul,
Toll,
A mother sees beyond the wave,
Isidro's palms above his grave ;
She hears "reveillé" call,
But not for him, her darling :
Orient day grows cold, though steeped in light,
And all its torrid beauty fades in night.

Toll,
For the proud of soul ;
The Virgin State
That welcomes late,
These sons of iron make ;
Here on her liliated breast pressed down,
They sleep, and dream not of renown,
Nor of these garlands, pine and rose,—
Emblems of beauty and repose,—
We weave to scatter o'er their rest,
Who honored duty's stainless crest.

Rejoice, O State of ours !
Spring's earliest flowers
Speak from the dust :
Be pure, be just !
To larger hopes our hearts are true,

We seek the task that God will do,
In the grim path where honor led
The feet of our beloved dead.

Englewood, N. J. 1900.

UNVEILING OF THE R. E. LEE STATUE.

May 29, 1890, at Richmond, Virginia.

VIRGINIA sends her greeting out,
With the first morning gun,
Tiber and Thames shall know to-day
She welcomes home a son.

Proudly, the fair-hilled city waits
The glories of the May,
The triumph of her Captain true,
The wearing of the gray.

Immortal Knighthood wrought in bronze !
As love is ever more than fame,
So thrills in every Southern heart
The epic of thy name !

Not North or South thy worth shall claim
Along the lengthening years,
America, in that new birth,
Shall garland thee (with tears).

Omaha, Nebraska, 1890.

THE LOYAL REBEL.

Read at a banquet in Baltimore given by the Society of Army and Navy of the Confederate States, on the birthday of General R. E. Lee, Jan. 29, 1891.

HUSHED is the hurrying tread of his trembling charger,
 The dread boom of the gun,
 Quiet the meadow, the stream slips along like a dream thing,
 Soldier, well done.

Here at the wheel, in the mart, by the forge-fire,
 Duty he follows as well
 As when with war's fiery cataract o'er him
 He faced death and hell.

Honor he still loves, his country's the shrine of his best hope,
 The pride of his years,
 The Old South, enshrined in his soul as one dead is
 Made sacred by tears.

Ye O ! his children, inheriting peace of the new day,
 Hopeful and strong,
 Forget not the chrism your happy brows are bedewed with
 Was agony-wrung !

Omaha, Nebraska, 1891.

IN MERIDIAN.

Written for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon.

WHO gives a well, who plants a palm,
The Arab's three-fold blessing hears.
Shall hearts less grateful here forget
The Life that wrought through changing years,
To build this house, to keep its fount
Of life unsullied as the snow
That lifts on far St. Helen's crest
An everlasting stainless brow?
Rather like Bedouins we return
And tent in this familiar shade,
Drink from the spirit's crystal pool,
Renew old friendships undismayed,
Remembering those sweet voiced ones
Who led us on in storm and shine,
Finding in sea shell, as in star,
Some hint as of a plan divine.

THE SCHOOL.

How oft, as travelers, met to rest
In some oasis green and fair,
We saw the past in beauty rise,
A mirage on the painted air.

No caravan from farthest Ind
But halted at our fountain's rim,
The camels bearing loads of spice,
Or Persian stuffs, of color dim
And weave mysterious, as the text
Of some old palimpsest.—As slow
These ancient treasures were unrolled.
We saw the veils like wreaths of snow,
And amber anklets rich in hue,—
Great shawls with leafy broideries thick,
A peacock fan of irised blue.
Here, amulets of jade and pearl,
Henna, for lips and fingers fair,
Rare chains of silver and of gold,
That might have shone in Saadi's hair.
Or, hid in secret bales of silk,
We chanced upon a naked blade,
A jeweled yataghan, with device
“For good Al Raschid was I made,”
Or double-edgèd sword that bent
Like osier on the thumb, and bore
A text from Koran in the hilt
“Allah is Allah, evermore.”
And bags of uncut jewels, smooth
With touch of many dusky hands,
Here ivories old, and jacinth carved
In subtle skill of far off lands.

The enchanted carpet, too, was there,
A common rug to foolish eyes,
And in a box of sandal wood
The apple—Venus' prize.
The fleece of gold, and Dian's bow,
Aladdin's lamp, his magic ring,
Fatima's slippers, and the seal
Of Solomon—the king.
From Bagdad and from Agra, too,
Daily there passed a lordly train,
Heavy with spoils of far Cathay
Sent by the Sultan Suleiman.

And still the days went peaceful on,
And still we read beside the palm
Of Ilion's woe, Ulysses' quest,
The Lotus Eaters' isle of calm.
And all the wonders of the Taj,
With moonstone and lazuli drest,—
The Shrine of Mecca, and the pool
That Mahomet had blessed.
With songs of chivalry and war,
And ancient paladins of France,
The Red Cross banner gleaming high,
Stout-hearted Godfrey in advance.
Sometimes, with Chaucer ambled on
To Canterbury, in the train

Of that good "companie" and true
To hear their tales again.

And thus till dusk and night came on
When Hesper and Orion rose,
The Pleiads' starry helm aglow,
Or stormy Leo in repose.
And that pale Star that truest points
To pole of duty,—unafraid,
Though all the hosts of heaven wheel
And flash their glory. Next the Maid,
The Virgin with the streaming hair,
Her garments gleaming through the night,
And surly Canis, watcher keen ;
The Hunter, lingering on his height.
So like familiar friends they call,
Our answer follows from afar,
"In some good morrow we shall meet,
And know your secrets, what they are.
Then clasping hands, like children wait
The vision wisdom has in store,
The prophecy the Master gave,
His reign of love forevermore."

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Now, as in thoughtful mood we turn
Toward each other, and in part

Read o'er the list that memory keeps
In secret chambers of the heart ;
Some names are writ in gold, and some
In tears, but none are quite forgot :
Like flowers pressed in book of verse
A lingering fragrance they impart,
That mingling with the common air,
A benediction seems to bring,
Faint promise of the larger hope,
The breath of a diviner Spring.

Englewood, N. J., 1894.

A CLASS POEM.

PROLOGUE.

THE Muses Nine, in groups of three,
 Sat sipping nectar for their tea,
 All happy and in joyous mood
 Save one,—a pretty frown did brood
 O'er her white forehead. Cried the Eight,
 "Why so distressed, what heavy weight
 Of care oppresses, Maid divine?
 Hath some new poet begged a line?
 Or, seeing pity in thy face,
 In our charmed circle claimed a place?"
 She answered slow, when thus adjured,
 Vexation in her every word,
 "Much worse, a class poem must be writ,
 The poet begs me furnish it.
 (Not like to him who rang the chime
 Of fifty years in perfect time,
 And gave to mortals, as to us,
 A song that age nor wear can rust.)
 This being wants a theme, at least
 That shall not threadbare be, a piece,
 Not long or short, in nicest rhyme,—
 And wishes it sent in on time.

But, oh, dear me ! what can be worse,
Than tinkering at such wretched verse,
I'll tell her she's a *goose*, and see
What inspiration that will be."

FLYING SOUTH.

How often sounds as day yields up
Her spirit to the night
The hoarse and changeful clangor
Of the wild geese in their flight.

A magic arrow in midair
They form with beating wing,
A strange and melancholy chant
Floats earthward as they sing.

Tired pilgrims of the upper blue,
What shrine seek ye so far ?
Is there indeed a land of rest
Beyond the evening star ?

My thought a bird of passage is
And follows where they've flown.
Is there a single human soul
But seeks some brighter zone ?

Portland, Oregon, 1881.

SONG.

For dedication of the new St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon.

HERE in virgin soil be planted
Tree of life with generous shade,
Like the banyan, wide, out-spreading,
With new needs, new roots be made.

Here, by mighty hills encircled,
Raise a shrine for holy thought,
And may knowledge consecrated
To the highest aims be sought.

Science, with its magic vision
Making common things divine,
Here shall read earth's fair evangel,—
Flowers that bloom and stars that shine.

Here, where flow majestic rivers
From their fountains to the sea,
Art shall feel a new upspringing
Full of richest prophecy.

Song shall lend its own enchantment,
Music here an altar find,
And the best thought of the ages
Nobly speak from mind to mind.

What is truest wisdom, teach us,
Oh ! Thou Light and Life of men !
Be our tasks or great, or simple,
Childlike may we follow them.

Englewood, N. J., 1890.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

* "ALIS VOLAT PROPRIIS."

* Motto of the State of Oregon,—“She flies with her own wings.”

HER eyes are like the eagle's
When they look upon the sun,
Her breast is mirrored in the streams
That feed this mighty one ;
Her feet are swift to scale the cliff,
And climb the mountain pass,
But most they linger where the plough
Turns back the dewy grass :
Her white wings spread in every gale
That blows the wide earth round,
Her mission is to feed the world,
What nobler could be found !
Onward and upward be thy flight,
O ! strong young state of ours !
Freedom attend thee, and sweet peace,
With all the heavenly powers !

Portland, Oregon, 1887.

"SCHERZO."

'TIS daintiest of measures,
Between a smile and sigh,
A gossamer of sound that yields
A subtle alchemy.

The sparkle of a fountain,
The beat of Summer rain,
The murmured tune of Autumn brooks;
A bliss that's almost pain.

It tricks, deludes, and teases,
Haunts like a gypsy dance,
Or crisply paces like some dame
In courts of olden France.

Of all the magic measures
That music gave to earth,
"Scherzo," thou art the dearest,
Sprite born of love and mirth!

AUTUMN ON THE MONONGAHELA.

HASTE not, O ! emerald river to the sea,
Still hold thy mirror to the crimson woods,
The cool green curve of hilltops set between,—
The magic of thy wonder working moods.
Tranquil, as some sweet soul to duty true,
That knows no touch of passion's scarlet stain,
Bear to our troubled hearts a deeper calm,
The peace that follows pain.

Morgantown, West Virginia, 1899.

LINES ON A CAMEO BROOCH.

HERE in a rim of ancient gold are set
Diana and Endymion.—He as fair
As when the moonbeam kissed him first
With chaste white lips, deep in a Grecian vale.
In Cyprus' Isle a patient graver sought
With loving skill to shape the amber shell.
He set a slim crescent in the goddess' hair,
Lay bare her lucent bosom, and with ease,
Curved the sweet mouth. Then, with a tightening heart,
Wrought—though in fear—her “azure-lidded” eyes.
Fated for happier lot than dusty shelf
Or mercenary trade, the gem serene
Glowed on the breast of beauty. Oftentimes
Shone in a palace as the guest of Kings,
And so passed on from hand of youth to age,
Age gave to youth again—as death to life :—
And lastly,—in an ancient city found,—
It pleased the quick fancy of a blitheful girl.

Englewood, N. J., 1904.

WORDSWORTH.

LIKE some far northern lake his fancy lay,
Circled with frosty hills,
Passion he knew not, but that heavenly glow
Which nearest Deity can bring the soul
He felt, in every wood, by sylvan stream
Or hill, and saw divine significance in all.

Omaha, Nebraska, 1890.

J. F. MILLET.

THO' the sad burden of the earth
Lay heavy on his breast,
This manly Sower flung afar,
Seeds of immortal rest.

Englewood, N. J., 1899.

VENUS DE MILO.

THIS Venus? She with amber hair
And looks of laughing mirth?

Ah, no, some nobler destiny

Did consecrate this birth.

Her sweet, stern lips are duty's own,

That mien serene and high

As one who in heroic hour,

Leads on to victory.

A daughter of fair Greece who made

Her country's fame secure;

Some priestess of the vaulted wood,

Or mother, proud and pure:

All these we dream while waiting

Her queenly step to hear,

With the same awe as he who wrought

Her form in love and fear.

The groves are silent where the dove

Once sighed in Venus' name,

Blackened and torn her altar stairs,

Quenched the ambrosial flame.

But art supreme forever claims

All beauty as its own,

And breathes a sacred lesson still

From the mute sculptured stone.

A MEXICAN SHRINE.

THE cactus, bleeding red at every pore,
Still hides her thorns with beauty.
Here in the quiet shade of convent walls,
All ghost-like broods the past,
And kneels in turn at every sacred shrine,
Where fading saints, and sad-eyed Marys wait
The homage of their scattered worshipers.

Portland, Oregon, 1886

ROSTAND'S CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

GASCON, tender and brave,
Gascon, bitter and true,
Better a leaf from thy grave,
Than a rose that no sacrifice knew !

Englewood, N. J., 1900.

WAGNER'S SIEGFRIED.

BROTHER of bruin and of bee,
Thy woodland banter gladdens me!
Care forgotten—spirit free,
Through thy song's rich alchemy!

Englewood, N. J., 1899.

ART.

Written in the Congressional Library, Washington.

NOR all the temples blue Ægean knew,
Nor grove of nymph, nor shrine of Delphian seer
Could teach the nations how fair Justice grew,
Or find God's answer to a helot's tear!

Washington, D. C.

DRESDEN CHINA.

OVER seas they came one day,
The little Maid and He,
With a lute across his shoulder,
Watteau gown had she.

Underneath the fragrant linden
Gently does he woo,—
And she answers, as he questions,
“Mädchen, wilt be true?”

Time that brings us each a sorrow
Leaves them quite alone,
Happy in the forest stillness
Hand in hand to roam.

Ever loved and ever lovers
' Neath the greenwood tree,
Dainty little maid of Dresden,
How I envy thee!

Omaha, Nebraska, 1890.

TO AN AUTOMOBILE.

DOCILE steed, with nerves of steel,
 Bid old Time to have a care,
 Tell him that with silent wheel
 We have tracked him to his lair.

All his shams are useless now,
 Silly tales for childhood's ear ;
 Youth has borrowed wisdom's brow,
 Age grows younger every year.

Smite upon his door of Snow,
 Offer him a pardon free,
 If he'll leave Wife Care, and go
 Automobiling with me.

WITH A CUP AND SAUCER.

WITH the good things of life
 May your cup be abrim,—
Kind friends, and a spicing
 Of good luck thrown in ;
And may Fortune, while brewing
 The drink for each day,
Use her best spoon to sweeten
 Your café-au-lait.

Portland, Oregon.

FOR A SCRAP-BOOK.

FRAGMENTS caught from off the tables,
Of the wise, poetic, great ;
With crisp crumbs of wit and fancy.
Here your appetite await.

Portland, Oregon, 1885.

CALIFORNIA ORANGES.

THE hoarded gold of sunset seas,
True apples of Hesperides!

Englewood, N. J., 1905.

QUESTIONING.

How can a bird bear
 The rapture swift of wings,
 What fortitude of joy sustains
 That clear note he sings?

How do the planets keep
 Their sentry without shout,
 Or challenge to that other host
 Encampèd round about?

In immemorial years
 What countersign was given,
 What thought of God within their arcs,
 What augury of heaven?

Portland, Oregon.

THE ROSES' FAREWELL.

A LITTLE waner in the cheek,
More fragile in the stem,
They could not bear to say good-bye,
Lest I should weep for them.

They told the bee the secret,
And he, with busy tongue,
Informed the garden of the hour
When their sweet life was done.

So silently they passed, the noon
In stillness held its breath,
A flight of petals on the grass
Was all the sign they left.

Englewood, N. J., 1906.

